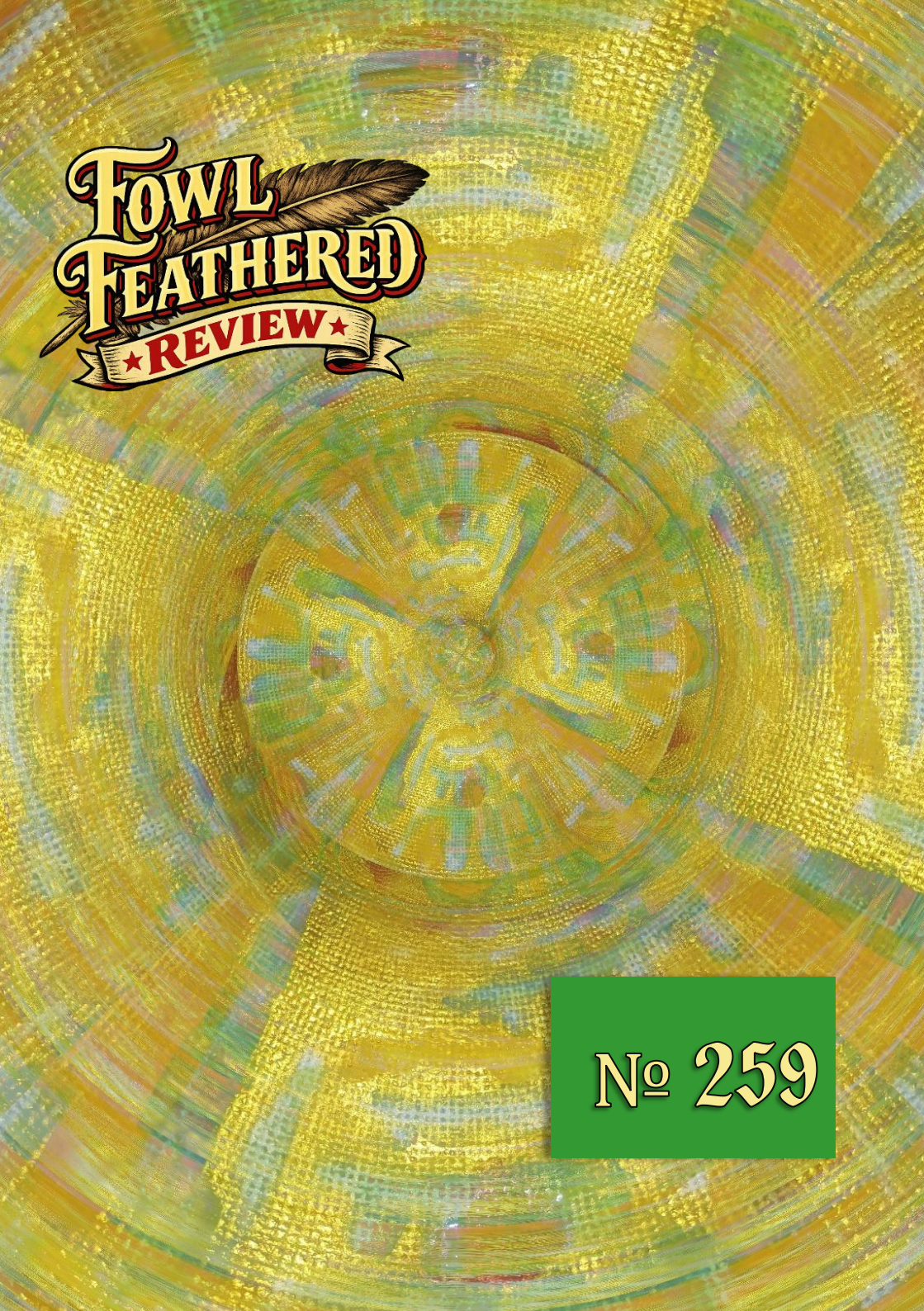

Fowl Feathered
Review
№ 259

FOWL
FEATHERED
REVIEW

AEROSTATIC DOSSIER // △-77.31(B) / KNOCK

INDEX ∴ 4:13:4∞

Drifted as Utility Residue, Declared Sufficient

About the Asked (Collected Under Practice Conditions)

The FFR is no longer to be understood as a journal, nor as any prior category such as "Necrosign." It is instead a distributed production practice: a gathering-method for the generation, capture, and long-duration storage of emergent artifacts arising between human habit and mechanical repetition.

For ease of handling, we describe it as a shared frequency—commonly misidentified as the idle-pattern of a small automobile (late 20th-century compact class) standing in a parking lot at approximately 03:00—but this is merely the audible index-layer.

In its working state, the Assemblage conducts continuous retrieval from verifiable material domains: instruction sheets, retail surfaces, transit markings, service logs, and other document-objects of daily use. These are not preserved intact. They are subjected to pressure, displacement, and reclassification.

We do not curate in the modern sense. We maintain instead an Offenrückraum (open-back space), in which items may enter, settle, or misfile themselves.

Participants (hereafter: "important locals") are those who exhibit Dauerträgheit—a useful persistence under minor strain. Fragility is not prohibited, but it is structurally unsupported.

Any submission that appears to strive toward "Art" in the self-declarative sense will be reassigned to a more stable function (e.g., table-leveling, draft-blocking, oil-absorption). On the Operation of Source-Engines (Always in Partial Motion)

WARENREGISTERBRUCH (ARCADE INDEX CONDITION)

Fragments are extracted from catalogs, labels, packaging, and signage. Context is removed. Adjacency is reassigned. Authority increases in proportion to specificity, regardless of accuracy.

PROTOKOLLHäUFIGUNG (DOSSIER STACK CONDITION)

Records accumulate: maintenance notes, claims, timestamps. Gaps are preserved. Contradictions are not resolved. A sequence may appear, but closure is considered a filing error.

RANDBEMERKUNGSDRIFT (FALSE COMMENTATOR CONDITION)

Functional texts (manuals, glossaries, guides) are annotated beyond their tolerance. Explanations become misaligned. Confidence is retained.

ANWEISUNGSSCHNITT (CUT-UP RECORDER CONDITION)

Instruction-language is segmented and recombined. Repetition introduces rhythm. Meaning is reduced until only procedure-residue remains.

All outputs must retain Rückverfolgbarkeit (trace-feel): the impression that the fragment could be located again in some drawer, binder, or glove compartment.

Where this condition fails, the material is considered decorative and is removed.

A recurring sonic marker—transcribed provisionally as "dor"—is permitted to enter any layer. Its function remains under study.

ON REPURPOSING (IMPORTANT CLARIFICATION)

All submitted materials enter a Weiterverwendungskreis (cycle of further use). Possible outcomes include:

Inclusion as fragment within a larger construct

Mislabeling and redistribution

Use as structural support (physical or textual)

Reduction to residue for future recombination

Authors retain attribution only in the lowest archival sense. Function supersedes origin.

The current operational formula is recorded as:

$$[(\mathrm{DOR} \times 7)^2 + 11\mathrm{B}] \div \Sigma(\text{Loose Matter})$$

$$= 0.004 \text{ Useful Units}$$

Verification remains impossible due to kettle interference and unresolved parking-lot acoustics.

Delivery

Materials may be delivered, transmitted, or misplaced. Retrieval is opportunistic. Loss is considered a form of delayed submission.
LISTEN – OBSERVE
MISFILE – REPEAT
BE USEFUL
STAY LOOSE
NO LIMITS
NO END

THE STAFF (SINK-CUSTODIANS / FUNCTION-BEARERS)

Virgil Kay: Final Arbiter. Currently engaged in the classification of falling bakery items under aerodynamic variance. Maintains decision authority, though criteria are mobile.

Silent Bill: Overseer of Tactical Non-Sequiturs. Executes Satzabbruchhandlung (sentence-break action) by leaving mid-utterance. This is considered a valid editorial intervention.

Unkie Bob: Assigned to Casual Entropy. No longer dismantles structures directly; instead applies insufficient fastening (Lockerbefestigung), allowing failure to emerge without announcement.

The Unnamed Dishwasher: Not recorded in official listings. Present regardless. Performs continuous surface-

restoration under high focus. Functions as Kerntriebwerk (core engine). Prolonged observation is discouraged.

"NON IGNARA MALI, MISERIS SUCCERRERE DISCO."
— VIRGIL

THE BOOK WAS DRENCHED

Fowl Feathered Review

Treasury Cycle • Bangor Continuum Office • Issue ∞

REGISTRY OF MORTALITY & MOBILITY

Eternal Ledger / Nothing Occurs Once

City of Bangor
Treasury Office

All Times • All Versions
All Streets • All Layers

Docket No.
1911.1964.2026.
∞

Bangor, Maine
All Eras Simultaneous

City of Bangor — Continuously True — Non-Linear Seal ★

Compiled Simultaneously by Three Clerks of Time & City

Vincent of Beauvais
Temporal Index Clerk of Bangor

Author of the *Mirror of the World (and Municipal Supplements)*

Jacobus de Voragine
Restyler of Living Saints & Ongoing Events

Compiler of the *Golden Legend* (and Sidewalk Hagiographies)

Rashid al-Din Hamadani
Nonlinear Census Authority of Bangor

Historian of Worlds (and Their Overlapping *Municipalities*)

All entries co-signed under the doctrine: Nothing Here Occurs Once

I. On the Status of the Subject
(Who is also already filed elsewhere)

The subject enters City Hall, but also does not enter City Hall.

In one register, they are present.
In another, they are still approaching.
In a third, they have already left and are being reviewed for motion compliance.
They declare:
"Temporary in essence, ambulatory in function."

Vincent: *All functions are temporary. Essence is an indexing error.*

Jacobus: *The walker is always canonized mid-step.*

Rashid: *This person exists in at least three municipal centuries simultaneously.*

II. Registry of Mortality
(Mortality as distributed file)

Mortality is not recorded as an event.
It is filed as a recurring document with multiple timestamps.
— the subject is dead in 1914 (Opera House fire record layer)
— alive in 1964 (Urban Renewal testimony layer)
— unverified but walking in 2026 (current pedestrian index layer)
— and absent in a version of Bangor that has already been replaced by parking infrastructure

Jacobus: *Sainthood is what happens when death forgets which version it belongs to.*

Vincent: *Death is not an endpoint; it is a cross-reference.*

Rashid: *Mortality is a disagreement between archives.*

Virgil Kay (Editor Rooster China Wok Habitué) Stamps:
MORTALITY: SIMULTANEOUSLY ACTIVE / INACTIVE / RECURSIVE

III. Registry of Mobility
(Motion as Non-Linear Permission)

The footwear apparatus is inspected across multiple timelines:
— in one: it is shoes
— in another: it is wheels
— in another: it is evidence of municipal optimism
— in another: it has never been assembled but is still approved

When activated, it produces motion that does not relocate the subject so much as updates their position in different versions of the same street.

Vincent: *Movement is editorial revision applied to space.*

Jacobus: *The street blesses those who pass through its alternate drafts.*

Rashid: *Travel is what happens when cities disagree with themselves.*

Virgil Kay Stamps:
MORILITY: GRANTED ACROSS ALL KNOWN STREET VARIANTS

IV. The City Hall as Stacked Time Object

The Treasury Office is observed as:
- a room that exists in 1911 (fire memory layer)
- 1964 (planning abstraction layer)
- 1997 (restoration impulse layer)
- 2026 (current fluorescent administrative layer)
- and an unbuilt future where it is a parking lot remembering itself as a building

Walls contain:
- scroll fragments that have not yet been written
- newspaper clippings reporting future loss
- maps that disagree politely with each other
- stamps that remember being used differently

A Chant Moves Through All Layers at Once:

All permits are continuous
All streets are simultaneous
All walking is revisiting

V. Entities That Occur Outside Time but Inside Record

Paul Bunyan
(Scale Anomaly Witness Across Municipal Layers)
Appears in doorway, simultaneously too large for building and perfectly scaled for it.

Kenduskeag Sasquatch
(Hydrological Continuity Observer)
Waits without waiting; is always already leaving. Witnesses every flood at once.

The Creamsicle Freezer of Outer Bangor Lot
(Perpetual Cold Object)
Contains identical creamsicles in every recorded year. Temperature does not change; only interpretation does.

VI. Footnotes (*which occur before and after the text*)

[1] Vincent of Beauvais:
"The archive is not storage; it is simultaneity with filing cabinets."

[2] Jacobus de Voragine:
"Legends are what happens when the present refuses to stay in its assigned tense."

[3] Rashid al-Din Hamadani:
"Bangor cannot be dated. It can only be approached from different administrative angles."

[4] Virgil Kay:
Stamped note: roller-blade sneakers classified as lateral time instruments.

VII. Questions That Cannot Be Answered Because They Are Still Occurring

1. Is the subject entering City Hall, or has City Hall entered the subject?
2. If a building burns in one layer but is restored in another, which version requires permits?
3. Do wheels move a person, or move the street under them?
4. Who signs a document that has already been signed in a different century?
5. Is the creamsicle freezer a place, a memory, or a recurring municipal exception?
6. When Paul Bunyan leaves, does he exit or simply change scale context?
7. Does the Sasquatch require a tax category or a new ontology?

1911: The Great Fire

1914: Opera House Burns

1920: Rebuilt in Style

1964: Urban Renewal Vote

1997: Restoration Begins

2026: Jane's Walks

What's not there and what could be.

All Things Temporary All The Time

This Document Exists In All Its Dates At Once
∞

Subject Released Into Continuous Sidewalk Status
City of Bangor Continues Self-Revision
∞

Final Entry (Non-Terminal)

NOTHING IS FILED ONCE
NOTHING IS OVER
NOTHING IS BEFORE OR AFTER WITHOUT PERMISSION

Virgil Kay
Editor Rooster China Wok Habitué
Treasury Clerk & Stamper of Conditional True Things

Virgil Kay

THE FARFFLER BEQUEST

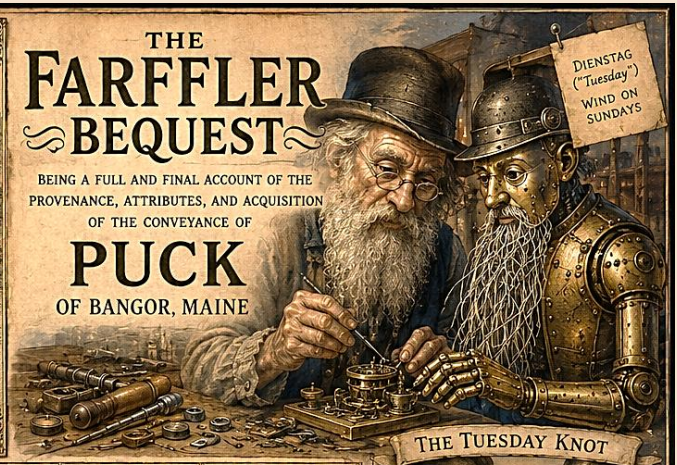
BEING A FULL AND FINAL ACCOUNT OF THE PROVENANCE, ATTRIBUTES, AND ACQUISITION OF THE CONVEYANCE OF

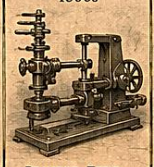
PUCK

OF BANGOR, MAINE

Auch inventor eines Wagens mit 5 Rädern, darauf er sich, weil er Lahm war, selbsten herum gefahren.

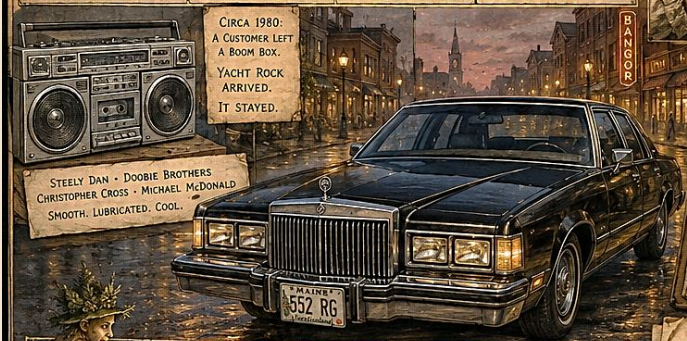
Starb A. 1689, d. 24 Octob., im 57sten Jahr seines Alters.



1700s	1800s	1900s	Late 1900s
			
Handwriting.	Printed Text.	Thousandths.	A lantern that can stop time.

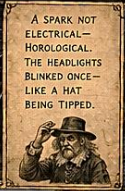
The Tuesday Knot

The knot is the friendship, doing inventory.
— Dienstag



Attributes

- Make & Disposition: Mercury Grand Marquis Plates 552 RG, Maine
- Grille: Vertical waterfall — like the face of a clock.
- Drivetrain: V8, 3-speed auto. Timing: Perfect.
- Wheels: Four visible. The fifth is patience (and behind the second one).
- Sound System: Factory AM/FM. Boom Box: Back seat, belted.
- Temperament: Loyal. Forgiving.
- Odometer: Reads in miles. Counts in centuries.



Es gehört dem, der es braucht.
Fahre langsam. Die Würde ist der ganze Zweck.
Das Radio gehört auch dir.
Die Musik ist kühl.
Wir haben das überprüft.

It belongs to the one who needs it.
Drive slowly. The dignity is the whole point.
The radio is also yours. The music is cool. We have verified this.

— S.F., Uhrmacher, formerly of Altdorff, lately of Exchange Street
— D., his Tuesday

The Touch
On soft evenings, Puck drives Main Street. One hand on the wheel. One hand out to touch the air. The engine ticks on the twos. and fours.

And every Tuesday morning, wherever they are, they untie the knot.

The engraving got only one thing wrong. He did not stop moving in 1689.

THE FARFFLER BEQUEST

Being a Full and Final Account of the Provenance, Attributes, and Acquisition of the Conveyance of Puck of Bangor, Maine — of the Old Man Who Handed It Down, of His Tools, of His Clockwork Companion, of the Tuesday Knot, and of the Boom Box

By Oceanus Hopkins

I. THE WATCHMAKER WHO WOULD NOT WIND DOWN

The historical record is accurate, as far as it goes. It simply stops too soon.

Stephan Farffler, born 1633 in Altdorf bei Nürnberg, was a watchmaker — Uhrmacher in Altdorff, as the engraving says. Paralyzed in childhood, likely by a broken back, he refused to accept that a thing could not be made to move. Around the age of 22, he built what history regards as the first self-propelled wheelchair: a

carriage driven by hand cranks geared to the front wheel. A clockwork solution to a human problem. The engraving shows him exactly so — broad-brimmed hat, lace collar, hand upon the crank-box, rolling across the German countryside while the steeples of Nuremberg watch in astonishment:

Auch inventor eines Wagens mit 5 Rädern, darauf er sich, weil er Lahm war, selbsten herum gefahren — "Also inventor of a wagon with 5 wheels, upon which, because he was lame, he drove himself around"

The wagon was displayed in the Nürnbergischen Bibliothec as a marvel. And then the inscription says he died: Starb A. 1689, d. 24 Octob., im 57sten Jahr seines Alters.

Here is the thing about watchmakers, though. They know the difference between a clock that has died and a clock that has merely been allowed to run down for a while.

On October 24, 1689, Stephan Farffler stopped his own escapement. He let Nuremberg bury a casket weighted with brass shavings and a broken mainspring, let the engravers print his memorial card, let the library keep his wagon under glass — and then cranked himself quietly out of the

seventeenth century at walking pace, hat brim level, nobody thinking to stop him.

A man who builds his own way of moving does not stop moving merely because the calendar suggests it.

II. THE HANDS, AND WHAT THE TOOLS FELT LIKE IN THEM

You must understand the hands to understand everything else.

In 1689 they were already a craftsman's hands — broad, scarred at the knuckles, the fingertips polished smooth by a half-century of brass. The tools of that era felt to him like extensions of his pulse: the graver warm from his palm, balanced like a held breath; the bow drill humming against his thumb like a trapped wasp; the tiny tweezers that he claimed could pick up a single second and set it down somewhere more convenient. He knew each tool by weight in the dark. He said a good file speaks — a fine dry whisper, zish, zish — and a bad one merely argues.

The tools changed over three centuries. The hands never did.

- 1700s: Fusee engines and finer gravers. They felt like handwriting — every cut a signature.
- 1800s: Machine-made files, jeweler's lathes, the first interchangeable everything. These felt to him like printed text after a lifetime of script — colder, more uniform, but he admitted, grudgingly, legible.
- 1900s: Socket wrenches. Torque wrenches. Feeler gauges. He fell in love with the feeler gauge instantly and completely — "Finally," he said, "a tool that admits the truth is measured in thousandths." A 9/16 wrench in his grip felt like a graver that had eaten well. The ratchet's click-click-click he found frankly hilarious: an escapement you could hold. He laughed for ten minutes the first time. The clockwork man had to steady him.
- Late 1900s: A timing light. He aimed it at the Mercury's spinning harmonic balancer, watched the strobe freeze motion itself, and went very quiet. Then he said, in seventeenth-century German, something that translates roughly to: "Three hundred years, and at last a lantern that can stop time. I could have used this in Altdorf."

Every tool, from graver to impact wrench, felt to him like the same single tool wearing different clothes: the lever by which a patient man moves the world slightly.

III. THE CLOCKWORK MAN

He did not travel alone. He never had.

Nuremberg in Farffler's day was the automaton capital of Europe, and a paralyzed watchmaker with long winters and longer patience will eventually build himself a friend. Sometime in the 1670s, from clock brass, church-bell bronze, a hat rack, and what the parish records vaguely describe as "materials," Farffler constructed a clockwork man.

He called him Dienstag — "Tuesday" — for reasons that will become evident in Section IV.

Dienstag stands about five foot seven, walks with a deliberate tick-tock gait, and has a face like a kindly pocket watch: two small enamel eyes, a hinged jaw, and an expression of permanent mild interest. He requires winding once a week (Sundays; Farffler was traditional). Over three centuries he has been variously explained to neighbors as a suit of armor, a scarecrow, a "Swiss fellow, doesn't talk much," a department-

store mannequin being returned, and — in Bangor, where people are polite — not explained at all.

He came across the Atlantic in a crate labeled CLOCK PARTS, which was not technically a lie. He came to Bangor on the train, sitting upright by the window, ticking. He worked the Exchange Street shop as Farffler's second pair of hands for over a century — and they were good hands, because Farffler had made them, and Farffler did not make bad things.

And here is the detail that matters: somewhere in the 1700s, out of either loneliness or artistry or both, Farffler gave Dienstag a beard. Fine-drawn brass and silver wire, hundreds of strands, hanging to the sternum. It was a masterpiece. It was also, as we shall see, a weekly catastrophe.

IV. THE TUESDAY KNOT

Two very old gentlemen. Two very long beards — one white and biological, one silver-brass and wired. One workbench, side by side, leaning over the same small mechanisms, for three hundred years.

You see the problem.

Every week — and it was always by Tuesday, with a regularity that Farffler, a professional measurer of time, found deeply suspicious — the two beards would tangle. Wire strand through white whisker, white whisker around wire strand, until the two of them were joined at the chin by a single shared knot, like two anchors fouled on the same line.

They tried everything. Beard nets (undignified). Working at opposite benches (lonely; abandoned within a week). Trimming (proposed once, in 1804; never spoken of again).

In the end they simply made it a ritual. Every Tuesday morning, before work, before coffee, the two of them would sit facing each other on stools, knee to knee, and untie the knot — Farffler's patient fingers working from his side, Dienstag's brass fingers working from his, the both of them murmuring the small workshop talk of the week: which clocks were behaving, which were lying, whether the Penobscot would flood. It took anywhere from ten minutes to, on one memorable occasion in 1923, four hours. (A bird had been involved. Neither of them ever explained the bird.)

Farffler maintained the knot was a mechanical inevitability of fiber dynamics. Dienstag — who,

after Farffler installed an upgraded speech regulator in 1890, became capable of dry remarks at a rate of approximately one per fortnight — held a different theory, which he stated exactly once: "The knot is the friendship, doing inventory."

Farffler thought about that for eleven years and then said, "Ja."

It is why the clockwork man is named Tuesday. It is also why, in three hundred years, neither of them ever missed one.

V. THE BOOM BOX, AND THE MATTER OF YACHT ROCK

The tools changed. The centuries changed. The music, eventually, arrived — and when it did, it found two extremely old gentlemen entirely ready for it.

Sometime around 1980, a customer left a boom box in the shop as partial payment on a carburetor rebuild. Silver, two speakers like chrome headlamps, a handle like a lunch pail. Dienstag carried it to the bench. Farffler turned the dial. And out of the Bangor airwaves came the smooth, expensive, untroubled sound of yacht rock.

Steely Dan. The Doobie Brothers. Christopher Cross. Michael McDonald, whose voice Dienstag described — his second dry remark of that decade — as "a well-oiled mechanism."

They were instantly, permanently, completely devoted.

Understand it from their position. Here were two beings who had spent three centuries pursuing smoothness — frictionless gears, perfect timing, motion without strain — and here was an entire genre of music engineered on the same principles. "Hör mal," Farffler said, hand raised, the first time "What a Fool Believes" came through.

"Listen. No friction. The keyboard is a jeweled bearing. This music has been lubricated."

They think it is cool. They are not wrong, exactly. They are simply operating on a 350-year delay that has, by accident, swung back around to correct.

The boom box sat on the workbench from 1980 onward, between the feeler gauges and the gravers, playing "Sailing" while two old men with one shared knot rebuilt the timing on a black Mercury. Dienstag learned to keep rhythm with his escapement — a soft mechanical brush-tick on

the twos and fours. Farffler hummed. He hums flat. Three hundred years of perfect pitch in machinery and the man hums flat. Dienstag has never once mentioned it, which may be the deepest kindness in this entire account.

VI. THE LONG ROAD TO THE MERCURY

The itinerary, reconstructed:

1.
2. 1700s — A Nuremberg coachworks. An unnamed old cripple consults on gearing; an unexplained "Swiss fellow" hands him tools. Carriages they touched rolled slightly farther than physics allowed.
3. 1800s — Across the Atlantic: Farffler in steerage complaining about the ship's chronometers, Dienstag in a crate marked CLOCK PARTS, ticking reassuringly through the storms.
4. Late 1800s — Bangor, Maine. Lumber capital of the world — a town that understood machines that move heavy things with dignity. The back room of a carriage shop on Exchange Street. Tuesdays observed without fail.
5. 1900s — Carriages became automobiles. Gears are gears. Children believed the old man was a thousand. He let them believe it; it was nearly a rounding error. The quiet

one in the corner, they assumed, was his brother.

6. Circa 1985 — A black Mercury Grand Marquis came in for a timing problem. Farffler opened the hood, listened to the V8 the way other men listen to confession, and recognized something. Dienstag set the boom box on the radiator support and pressed play. It was, the both of them later agreed, a Doobie Brothers kind of afternoon.

He bought the car on the spot. They tuned it for fourteen years—to "Aja," to "Peg," to Silk Degrees in its entirety — and when they were done, the engine no longer merely ran. It ticked. And at certain idle speeds, if you listen closely, the tick falls precisely on the twos and fours.

VII. THE VESSEL: Attributes of the Mercury

Make & Disposition: Mercury Grand Marquis, Panther platform, the color of a crow's opinion. Maine plates 552 RC, chickadee and pine sprig — registered to S. FARFFLER, an entry the Bureau of Motor Vehicles has flagged for review since 1991 and somehow never reviewed.

Grille: A vertical chrome waterfall — the face of a very serious clock. Dienstag polished each slat

like an escapement tooth, because to him that is what they were.

Hood ornament: Stands upright like a tiny steeple of Nuremberg. They navigated by churches they remembered.

Drivetrain: Officially, a V8 with three-speed automatic. Unofficially, three centuries of horological obsession applied to Detroit iron, set to smooth jams. The timing is perfect — not good, perfect. Mechanics have wept.

Wheels: Four visible. Alignment technicians occasionally count five. The inscription did say 5 Rädern. Asked about it once, the old man said only, "The fifth wheel is patience," and Dienstag, after a fourteen-second pause, added, "Also it is behind the second one," and neither would clarify which of them was joking.

Sound system: Factory AM/FM, never upgraded — because the boom box rides on the back seat, belted in like a dignitary.

Temperament: Loyal. Slow to anger. Soft suspension — it does not ride the road so much as forgive it. Follows people home (see Section IX).
Odometer: Reads in miles. Counts in centuries.

VIII. THE SUCCESSOR

Even a self-wound man eventually wants to let the spring run out — not from weakness, but the way a craftsman finally sets down a finished piece. What Farffler needed first was an heir. Not of blood. Of kind: someone else the world had not built roads for, who moved anyway.

He found one on a soft evening, parked on Main Street with Dienstag ticking beside him and Christopher Cross on low, watching a small spirit make his rounds — touching the dogs, who forgave him everything; touching the police officers, who pretended not to notice, because there is no incident code for sprite, friendly, one count; touching the passersby, who felt suddenly lighter and blamed the weather; touching the plants and the trees along the Kenduskeag, who remembered him from somewhere very old and rustled hello.

Puck of Bangor. Displaced from older forests into the Maine ones. A creature who must touch things to know them.

Farffler had been waiting roughly three hundred years for exactly this person, and a man with his relationship to time knows when an appointment has arrived. Dienstag turned his enamel eyes

toward the old man and ticked once, interrogatively. Farffler nodded.
"Ja. Der ist es." That's him.

IX. THE TOUCH

They parked the Mercury in a gravel lot at dusk. Farffler set the brake and left the keys in it, the hat on the passenger seat, and — this cost him something — the boom box belted into the back, loaded with fresh D batteries and a mixtape labeled, in seventeenth-century hand, FÜR DEN KLEINEN — SANFTE SCHIFFSMUSIK ("For the little one — gentle boat music").

Then the two of them walked away — which Farffler could do, by then; he had repaired himself the way he repaired everything else, gradually, over centuries, gear by gear. An old man and a ticking man, side by side into the dark, beards swaying dangerously close. It was a Monday. They had somewhere to be in the morning.

Puck came through the lot on his rounds and touched the car.

A spark — not electrical, horological. Three hundred and fifty years of wound-up patience recognizing its release. The headlights blinked,

once — like an old man tipping a broad-brimmed hat. Which, several blocks away, an old man was in fact doing, while beside him something brass nodded with a small chime.

Puck walked home. The car followed — engine off, in neutral, rolling at a polite distance, the way a dog follows someone who smelled of kindness. It parked outside his door, settled on its springs, and waited.

In the morning there was a note under the wiper, in handwriting Puck could read perfectly, because some messages predate language barriers:

Es gehört dem, der es braucht. Fahre langsam. Die Würde ist der ganze Zweck.

Das Radio gehört auch dir. Die Musik ist kühl. Wir haben das überprüft.

It belongs to the one who needs it. Drive slowly. The dignity is the whole point.

The radio is also yours. The music is cool. We have verified this.

— S.F., Uhrmacher, formerly of Altdorff, lately of Exchange Street

– D., his Tuesday

X. THE ROUNDS

So now, on soft evenings, Puck drives the Mercury up and down Main Street in Bangor – never fast, because Farffler never went fast in three and a half centuries of life and the standing order is clear: the dignity is the whole point. The boom box rides shotgun now, promoted. "Sailing" drifts out over Main Street at a respectful volume. The mixtape was correct. The music is cool. Puck has verified this independently.

One hand on the wheel. One hand out the window, touching the air.

The dogs bark hello. The officers wave and file no reports. The passersby feel briefly blessed and hum Michael McDonald without knowing why. The trees lean in to brush the roof – touching him back. And at red lights the engine ticks on the twos and fours: the heartbeat of an old, old man who taught a machine everything he knew about going on, and of a brass companion who kept the rhythm.

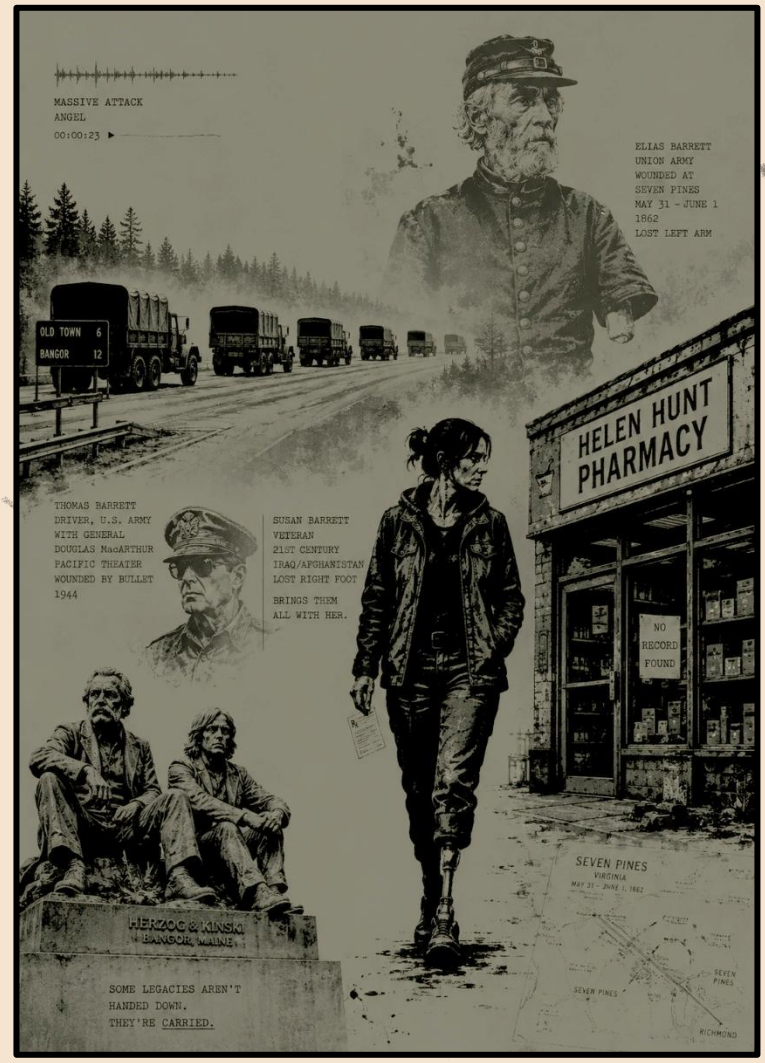
As for the two of them – the Exchange Street shop is empty now, though the rent somehow remains paid, and a new boom box was purchased somewhere, because some habits are three

hundred years old and some are merely forty, and both kinds keep. Travelers on the back roads toward Altdorf-knows-where report an ancient figure rolling along at walking pace in a five-wheeled contraption the Nuremberg library will be very surprised to find missing, accompanied by a tall ticking gentleman on foot, the two of them arguing gently about whether Steely Dan counts as yacht rock (Farffler: too much friction in the lyrics; Dienstag: the friction is the point; the matter remains, after decades, in committee). And every Tuesday morning, wherever they are, they stop. They sit facing each other, knee to knee. And they untie the knot — white whisker from wire, wire from white whisker — doing inventory.

Gezeiget wird, said his memorial card in 1689 — "it is shown."

It is shown still. Black, chrome-grilled, ticking faintly at idle, playing something smooth. On Main Street, Bangor. Around dusk.

The engraving got only one thing wrong.


MASSIVE ATTACK
ANGEL
00:00:23
ELIAS BARRETT
UNION ARMY
WOUNDED AT
SEVEN PINES
MAY 31 - JUNE 1
1862
LOST LEFT ARM
OLD TOWN 6
BANGOR 12
HELEN HUNT
PHARMACY
THOMAS BARRETT
DRIVER, U.S. ARMY
WITH GENERAL
DOUGLAS MacARTHUR
PACIFIC THEATER
WOUNDED BY BULLET
1944
SUSAN BARRETT
VETERAN
21ST CENTURY
IRAQ/AFGHANISTAN
LOST RIGHT FOOT
BRINGS THEM
ALL WITH HER.
NO
RECORD
FOUND
HERZOG & KINSKI
BANGOR, MAINE
SOME LEGACIES AREN'T
HANDED DOWN.
THEY'RE CARRIED.
SEVEN PINES
VIRGINIA
MAY 31 – JUNE 1, 1862
SEVEN PINES
SEVEN PINES
RICHMOND

No W's

BY KUNO HUBWAGEN

The convoy appeared just south of Old Town, six olive-drab trucks spaced with the grim precision of something inevitable. Susan Barrett followed in her aging Subaru, Massive Attack's Angel grinding low through the speakers. The phantom itch flared in the place where her right foot used to be. She did not pass. She fell in behind them, another echo in the line. The road felt like inherited weather. Her grandfather Elias had left his arm at Seven Pines in 1862. He lived long enough to marry a sixteen-year-old in his nineties and father Thomas, who drove for MacArthur in the Pacific and took a bullet in 1944. Thomas, too, reached his nineties before siring Susan with a seventeen-year-old bride. The Barrett men treated time like a habit they could not break.

When the trucks took the Orono exit, Susan followed. At the Helen Hunt Pharmacy she waited while the technician tapped at a screen that offered nothing.
"No prescription on file."

The pharmacist arrived with practiced calm and a list of reasons—system errors, insurance glitches, the usual digital fog. Susan laughed once, sharp and ugly. Her people had survived smoke, paper maps, and actual bullets. This was something smaller and more insulting. She swore, turned, and left, her prosthetic foot clicking against the tile like a slow accusation.

Outside, the rain had eased. She drove toward Bangor, the Penobscot River glinting dully beside the road, and pulled up at the old theater on Main Street. Above the marquee, two weathered figures kept watch: Werner Herzog aiming a revolver at a screaming Klaus Kinski. The sign read THE PERSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION OF JEAN-PAUL MARAT AS PERF—

Carl stood on a ladder in the drizzle, bucket of letters in hand.

“Ran out of W’s,” he said. “History has too many of them.”

Susan paid her dollar and went inside.

The lobby smelled of rain and old popcorn. In the auditorium, toddlers moved along a walking rope

like a cheerful centipede while Molly and Renee guided them to seats. Officer Tommy McPhee lingered nearby, part of a quiet, town-sanctioned arrangement no one mentioned. The children didn't care about plot. They voted with colored beads in a battered box. Today the beads chose flying machines over grim history.

Susan took a center seat.

Herr Viktor Lang, the German exile, stood before the screen and spoke without the microphone.

"History is a convoy," he said. "Cinema is the ditch. Sometimes we survive by leaving the road."

The lights dimmed. Canvas aircraft wobbled across the sky in loops of beautiful failure.

She watched the screen, prosthetic foot resting on the sticky floor. Behind her, the daycare workers and the officer shared popcorn. A few rows down, Earl Hargrove muttered about brevity but never looked away.

Outside the windows, the six trucks had parked along the curb. Soldiers climbed out—not for war, but for sandbags against the rising river.

During intermission one young soldier stepped inside for coffee. He noticed her prosthetic, then her face.

“You served?” he asked.

“Something like that,” Susan said.

He nodded.

The recognition passed between them, brief and sufficient.

He returned to the rain.

Susan stayed in the dark as the film resumed. The phantom pain in her foot eased—not gone, only quieter, no longer a command.

The movie ended.

The toddlers were gathered into their line under one umbrella. The soldiers climbed back into their trucks. Susan walked to her Subaru.

Carl was already back on the ladder, fixing letters for the morning show: Dr. Strangelove.

She started the engine.

In the streetlight the Herzog statue seemed to adjust its aim.

Susan pulled away from the curb and drove until the theater's glow shrank to a pinprick in the mirror—small, bright, and finally behind her.

Enough to keep moving toward a horizon that had run out of inherited names.

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MONTAGUE ST., bet. COURT and CLINTON STS.,
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No. 365172
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if retained longer a fine is incurred.
LIBRARY OPEN FROM 8½ A. M. TO 9 P. M.
Terms of Subscription, FIVE DOLLARS per
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MORN FUEL
827-6909
P.O. Box 325 · Bradley Mill
No other notice of payments will be sent to you
No Collector will Call
IMPORTANT . . . This coupon book is your permanent reminder
your payments are due each month

Trace's Betrothal

by Dragoș Traceanu

Memory lies at the heart of human experience. It allows us to preserve knowledge, to construct and reconstruct our identities, yet it also permits us to board trains that, strictly speaking, do not run to Bangor.

On the Amtrak Downeaster—bound, against all geographic reason, for that impossible destination—two passengers occupied the rearmost car. Professor Ansel Quirke, eighty-eight years old and the last unyielding defender of pure trace-decay theory, lifted a finger as though testing the wind before a duel.

"It fades, Mirabel. Ebbinghaus sat alone with his nonsense syllables—BOK, TUV, ZAF—a monk of the meaningless. He showed us the curve: steep in the first hour, then a long, merciful glide. Everything since has been embroidery on the hem of his coat."

Dr. Mirabel Osgood, eyes closed, answered without opening them.

"That is the fourth time since Portland, Ansel. And the hawk improves with each retrieval. That, in miniature, is my entire career. Bartlett, 1932. We do not retrieve the sentence. We renovate it. Each renovation flatters the architect."

"Reconstruction," Quirke pronounced the word as though it were contraband, "is the doctrine by which the lazy excuse the inaccurate. I forget the way a stone erodes: honestly."

"You forget the way a government redacts. Honestly has never been the word."

Between them sat an empty seat and the unspoken name neither would pronounce for fear of expending glucose they could no longer spare: Hormann.

At Saint Dymphna's Convalescent Sanitarium for the Formerly Brilliant they were given adjoining rooms described at intake as "companionable." Within hours the rooms had been weaponised.

Quirke scribbled on the backs of menus in pencil:

"The measure of a memory is not its presence but the discount it extends upon relearning. We are never given back what we lost; we are merely

offered a reduced price on losing it again. This, properly understood, is the only dignity available to the human nervous system."

Osgood dictated to herself and transcribed her own dictation incorrectly, considering the practice self-demonstrating.

Between their rooms stood a window.

There was, in fact, no window—only a wall.

Both remembered the window with high confidence and converging detail. Under Osgood's theory this proved confabulation; under Quirke's it proved nothing, for he had already forgotten the wall existed.

The discrepancy did not resolve.

It accumulated interest.

Every morning at ten they walked eleven blocks on day passes to the Birch Street Sidewalk Library: a cardboard archive duct-taped to a birch tree, presided over by Zap Pasta, who wore a traffic cone as mitre and administered books and objects with equal liturgy.

At his feet stood a jar of cold spaghetti.

Forks, he maintained, were colonial utensils.

The past returns slick and unheated, or not at all.

It was in The Birch Street Intelligencer that they read the announcement:

Dr. W. V. Hormann, lately of the east wing, was preparing a monograph on Memory, Forgetting, and the Binding of the Trace. The Commissionaire would typeset. The crows would distribute. The raccoons remained neutral.

The rage did not level off.

The rage exhibited savings.

The only thing two old enemies hate more than each other is a third publishing first.

On the sidewalk, notarised by an oily thumb, Quirke and Osgood formed a pact. Decay and reconstruction, curve and schema, erosion and renovation would pool their manuscripts into one joint paper to appear before Hormann's monograph could clear the crows.

Neither would concede.

The contradiction itself would be the argument.

They titled it, over Quirke's objection and therefore in perfect accordance with it:

From Ebbinghaus to Whatever This Is: Memory, Forgetting, and the Evolution of Two People Who Cannot Stand Each Other's Method

"A joint paper," said Quirke, "is a betrothal."

"It is not a marriage," Osgood replied quickly.

"No," Quirke agreed. "But that is the error. It binds earlier. Affinity without consummation. The trace does not require completion to exert force."

He paused, as though listening for something that had not yet remembered itself.

"That is the savings method, Mirabel. Nothing is returned whole. Everything is returned under obligation."

Hormann arrived at noon, walking like an old gunfighter whose body had become a rumour it intended to confirm once.

Ninety-one years old.

Topcoat too heavy for June.

Manuscript in a bakery box tied with string.

But something was wrong with the arrival.

He did not arrive cleanly.

Twice he stopped mid-step, as if encountering a sentence in space that refused paraphrase.

Once he introduced himself again to a lamppost.

Neither Quirke nor Osgood acknowledged it.

When Osgood read their joint paper aloud—before one nemesis, one Commissionaire, four crows, and one indifferent raccoon—Hormann began to nod, not in agreement but in recognition strained through interference.

At the conclusion—

remembering is not recovery but renewal under constraint; engagement precedes completion; the past persists as obligation rather than possession

—he removed his hat.

"That is my book," he said.

"It is not your book," Quirke said sharply. "Your book is about Byzantine marriage law."

Hormann hesitated.

"No," he said. "It was about memory. About how an unfinished obligation continues to govern later forms. About how the hand writes what it was first taught to promise."

He looked down at the bakery box as if it might correct him.

Or contradict him.

"I think," Osgood said gently, "you are partially right in two incompatible directions."

This was not resolved.

It could not be.

The three of them stood for a moment in a condition none of their theories could fully accommodate:

disagreement without stable ownership.

The crows did not distribute the monograph.

They forgot to.

The Commissionaire claimed it had already been typeset, but could not locate the type.

The raccoon stole nothing, which alarmed everyone more than theft would have.

By dinner the feud had resumed its mature, perfected form—because the quarrel was the engagement, and the engagement was the trace.

But something had loosened.

Not resolved.

Not reconciled.

Loosened.

The next morning all three returned to the birch tree to see whether anything had been published against them.

They were delighted to discover that something had.

It was them.

Or something very like them, written in their hand, but missing several necessary constraints.

Quirke read the first line and frowned.

“This is wrong,” he said.

Osgood nodded.

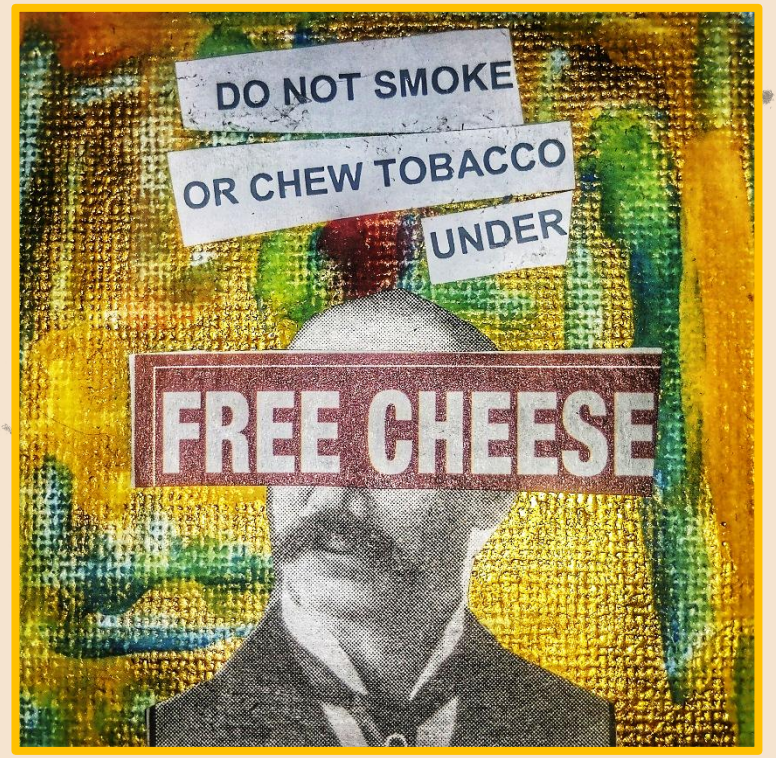
“Yes,” she said. “But it is also familiar.”

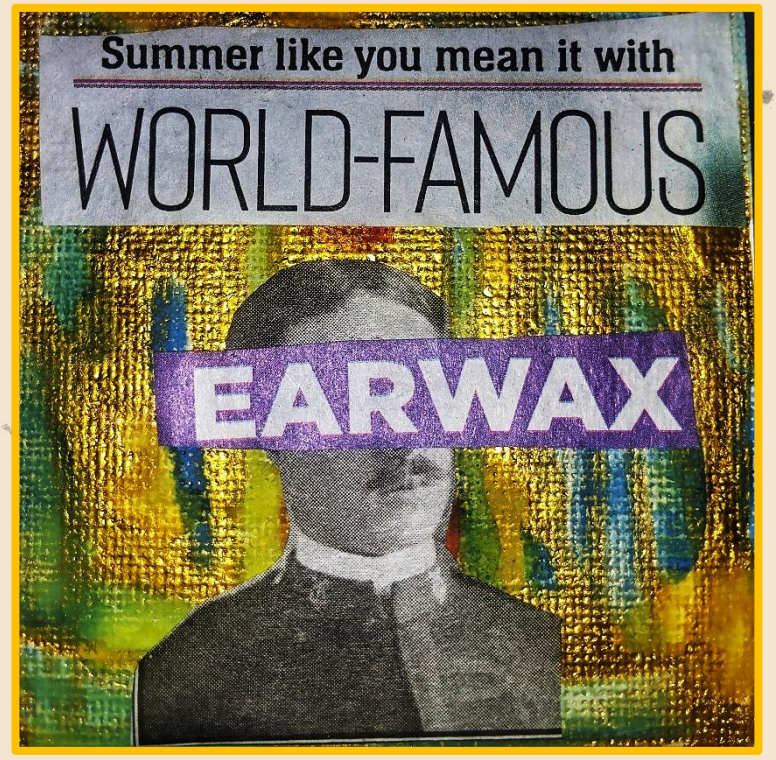
They attempted to correct it.

The correction failed to persist.

They began again, at once and at a considerable discount, to relearn what they had just been.

A single fact can ruin a good argument.


DO NOT SMOKE
OR CHEW TOBACCO
UNDER
FREE CHEESE


Summer like you mean it with
WORLD-FAMOUS
EARWAX

GRILL, CHILL
& SAVE
ANY STRENUOUS ACTIVITIES
FOR 48 HOURS
And Get a pound of American Cheese
AFTER SURGERY.

WHY PAY DRUG STORE
Our talented decorators can
customize any
Finger Sandwich
with
Brain Fog

SAVINGS
PUB
UKWIAŁY
PUSTELNIKI
NO PARKING
NO DEBT

RESIDUUM

By Sałatka Morska

A crow arrives on the rounded corner of the building at West Market Square. A clock above the savings bank clicks but does not point. A receipt prints itself out of a defunct parking kiosk. Two men sleep in a single sleeping bag arranged like a question and its refusal to be answered. One of them is named Ukwiały. One of them is named Pustelniki. It is Tuesday. It is always, with the patience of geology, Tuesday.

There is a flask.
That is all that is present.
The rest is the work of the aroma.

The flask feels remembered before it is described. The crow feels intentional in the way all crows in all dusks of all former lumber capitals feel intentional, as if appointed, as if it had read the minutes of a meeting adjourned in 1911 and never reconvened. The blue hour comes down over the brick the way grief comes down over a man who notices, too late, that the cornices he sleeps beneath were built by people resisting oblivion, and that oblivion, being patient, being municipal, being Tuesday, has won anyway but graciously,

leaving the façades standing so that the losing would have somewhere to happen.
Ukwiały stirs in his half of the sleeping bag.

“I dreamed of oil.”

Pustelniki says nothing. He tightens. He retracts. He performs the ancient gesture of the soft animal that has rented a hard one's grave.

This is the poetic pressure field.

Now let us classify.

Ukwiały—the anemone—produces speech, prophecy, grievance, recollection, and sting. He cannot move himself. He must be carried.

Pustelniki—the hermit—produces locomotion, shelter, endurance, and the municipal carapace into which speech is installed. He cannot generate meaning. He must be furnished with it.
Together they constitute a single dysfunctional organism.

Neither can pay the debt.

The debt is the load-bearing wall of their cohabitation.

Both once served as city councilors—or counselors; the orthography drifted during the third administration and was never recovered—on the Bangor Committee for the Maintenance of Coherence Across Vulnerable Boundaries, a subcommittee devoted to identifying hidden sources of disorder and erecting mediating technologies to prevent contamination from crossing them.

They feared the contamination of the budget by reality.

Reality won.

A debt was incurred.

The nature of the debt has been disputed for years.

The minutes remain unclear.

●

the debt was. the debt was for.
salt. no—oil.
the minutes show fryer grease forty barrels.
the minutes show absalom.
the minutes show a widow.
go sell the oil.

orphan clause.
the creditor came for the children.
there were no children.
there were two councilors
which is the same arithmetic.
and you and your children live on the rest.
rest.
residue.
residual object.
symbolically stable.
unresolved.
the kiosk prints the receipt again.
nobody parked.

The governing text concerns a widow whose husband's creditor has come to take her sons into bondage.

She possesses only a flask.

The prophet instructs her:
Go, sell the oil and pay your debt, and you and your children live on the rest.

Most readers assume the miracle concerns abundance.

The miracle concerns mediation.

The oil does not abolish difference.
The jars remain separate.
Borrowed.
Heterogeneous.
Cracked.
Chipped.
Neighborly.
The miracle creates relation among them.
The oil moves.
The jars do not.
The miracle ceases precisely when there is nothing left to connect.
The final vessel fills.
The flow stops.
Relations have exhausted its crossings.

The economy of the miracle is scandalous because it demonstrates an infrastructure of coherence in its purest form: a durable and repeatable medium by which heterogeneous things become navigable without becoming identical.

Ukwiały and Pustelniki once understood this.
They sold the oil.
They paid the debt.
They were promised the rest.
There was no rest.
Only residue.
Only the flask.

Every Tuesday the flask refills itself with a substance smelling faintly of transmission fluid, rainwater, forgiveness, and the inside of the savings bank after the savings have left.

The word SAVINGS remains.
The savings do not.
The clock has lost its hands.
The oscillation continues.

Being persists after representation has been repossessed.

Pustelniki carries absence the way a hermit crab carries a shell.
The office has vanished.
The burden remains.
The city has forgotten issuing the debt.
The debt remembers the city.
This does not destroy the world.
Contradictions require housing.
That is what shells are for.
That is what cities are for.
That is what Bangor is for.

Architecture is a storage medium for human intention.

The merchants who rebuilt downtown after the Great Fire of 1911 attempted resistance against

oblivion in brick, granite, cornice, parapet, and confidence.

The lumber empires vanished.
The railroads shifted.
The markets migrated.
The workers died.
The buildings remained.

Stored intention outlived stored wealth.

Now two former councilors sleep inside those intentions.

The soft thing lives in the dead thing's house.
That is the secret history of nearly everything.

Ukwiały translates the smell of the flask into prophecy.

“It is the widow's oil. The committee minutes were a mistranslation. We were never embezzlers. We were the jars.”

Pustelniki sorts returnable bottles.

Five cents each.
Glass.
Plastic.

Orthodox.
Foreign.
Heretical.

He constructs tiny barriers between categories.
The same gesture repeated at diminishing scales.
Missionaries separated Catholic truth from Siamese error.

Surgeons separated wounds from contamination.
Bureaucrats separated approved expenditures from unacceptable realities.

Pustelniki separates returnables from non-returnables.

Human history is largely the migration of boundaries from one substrate to another.

Tuesday remains the smallest unit of repeatable intelligibility that still feels like meaning.

The anemone and the crab.
The councilor and the shell.
The flask and the void.
The city and its residue.

Remove one connection and the system remains reachable through another.

This is why the two men cannot die properly. The builders of coherence over-engineered redundancy.

Everything they made continues clicking long after its purpose has expired.

GREAT FIRE OF 1911 REMAKES DOWNTOWN IN BRICK OF CONFIDENCE STOP
MERCHANTS CALCULATE SHIPMENTS STOP
LABORERS HEAD HOME STOP
LUMBER CAPITAL OF THE WORLD STOP
FORESTS DIMINISH MARKETS SHIFT RAILROADS ALTER ROUTES INDUSTRIES VANISH STOP
BUILDINGS REMAIN STOP
TWO FORMER COUNCILORS FOUND SLEEPING BENEATH CORNICE ERECTED AS RESISTANCE TO OBLIVION STOP
OBLIVION DECLINES COMMENT STOP
COMMITTEE FOR COHERENCE DISSOLVED FISCAL YEAR UNKNOWN STOP
GO SELL THE OIL STOP
WIDOW UNAVAILABLE FOR COMMENT STOP
PENOBSCOT CONTINUES FLOWING EASTWARD TOWARD THE ATLANTIC STOP
TIDES CONTINUE PULSING UPSTREAM STOP

GRANITE CONTINUES UNDERLYING EVERYTHING STOP
HUMAN ENTERPRISES TRANSIENT STOP
TRANSIENCE ITSELF REMARKABLY DURABLE STOP
WEATHER TOMORROW TUESDAY STOP

It would be too simple to say the men fell.
The fall implies a height.
A floor.
A trajectory.
This is not tragedy.
This is burlesque.

The council chamber has become a sleeping bag.
The city seal has become a bottle cap.

Civic authority has become transferable redemption value.

Ukwiały insists.
Therefore he remains honorable.
Pustelniki carries him.
Therefore honor acquires locomotion.

Between them they constitute one complete councilor.

The flask passes through every interpretive layer at once.

French:
It remembers being poured.
German:

Vessel. Capacity approximately 0.5 liters. Refill mechanism unspecified. Debt unresolved.

English:
Every economy that promised settlement and delivered continuation.
Latin:
Esse sine fine debiti.
Being without the end of the debt.
Coherence:
A thing remains reachable across time, metaphor, institution, and ruin because no single interpretation exhausts it.

The flask remains reachable.
Therefore the men remain reachable.
Therefore the city remains reachable.
The symbiosis is the debt is the oil is the flask is the shell is the city is the dusk.
The residual object.
Stable.
Unresolved.
A pub door opens.
Light spills across wet brick.

Someone sings:

Well I sold off the oil but the debt wouldn't die,
Got two empty jars and a hand-painted sky,
The creditor's coming, he's coming for two,
But the only sons left, baby, is me and is you.
So pour it out slow on the brick and the rain,
Pour it on Tuesday, pour it again,
They tore down the forest, they kept up the wall,
And the oil never runs, no, the oil don't run, no—
the oil don't run out at all.

The tension engine resumes.
PUSTELNIKI:
We are dead. We were voted out, foreclosed upon, deleted from the directory. Structurally we do not exist.
UKWIAŁY:
And yet I smell the oil.
ENGLISH:
What does it mean that one feels the miracle while the other carries the corpse of the institution that disproved it?
It means neither survives alone.
It means difference itself is the medium.
LATIN:
Participatio.
The soft thing lives in the dead thing's house.
A child crosses West Market Square carrying a returnable bottle.
She knows nothing of committees.
Nothing of miracles.

Nothing of municipal metaphysics.
She notices only the flask.

The child points.
“Mister, your bottle's leaking.”

It is.
The oil runs onto the pavement.
It reflects the pub lights.
It reflects the blue hour.
It reflects the curved brick façades.
It reflects two former councilors who sold everything, paid everything, and were promised the rest.

There was no rest.
Only residue.
The child runs.
Confusion stabilizes the system.

The city continues.
The flask continues.
The debt continues.
The oil continues.
The symbiosis continues.
The residue becomes habitation.
The crab inhabits a death.
The anemone inhabits the crab.
The men inhabit one another.
The city inhabits its former intentions.

French supplies atmosphere.
German supplies dependency.
English supplies narration.
Latin supplies endurance.
Coherence supplies navigability.
The crow, having reviewed the matter, files the minutes.
Tuesday has been confirmed.
The relation remains traversable.
The meeting is adjourned.
Go, sell the oil and pay your debt, and you and your children live on the rest.
The children, it turns out, were each other.
There was no rest.
They live on it anyway.

The Back Seat is The Safest Place for Mourning

By Greta Stillwater

Even if you walk through a room full of relatives, you can tell that someone in the family is lying.

Friction.

Friction is the secret police of the movement. It holds heavy objects on the table, holds the body at an angle, and hides words between the teeth. In the family world, friction is caused by duty, shame, fatigue, money, prayers, traditions, and the fear of motherhood.

Without friction, the earth would turn upside down prematurely.

Popular Quotes:

He said, “Grease the door hinges.” “Leave them alone,” said the man. A creaking door can save a life.

Chief Boch

Boch’s head appears in a disturbed dream while he is eating. A symbol of delayed intelligence, something hidden under substances and habits until a shock reveals it. Its arrival is always accompanied by cutlery, witnesses, and people trying to continue eating their breakfast.

Scholars debate whether the human skull represents evil, history, class violence, or simply the untimely return of an object to its grave. But children understand better: it represents the end of a meal.

Popular Quotes:

If the bread falls, keep eating. If the bread crumbles, leave the house.

Aster Mountain.

Mountain aster often appears in poems about massacres. That's why they are interpreted as the lost flower of peace. They grow where people claim the violence has ended, but written evidence proves otherwise.

The bride wore it. Graves are decorated with it. The surveyor marked it on a blank spot on the map.

Popular Quotes:

The bears peeking out of the bricks show that the walls have not yet forgiven the earth.

Father-in-law and mother-in-law.

Among the mountain people, mothers-in-law are as important as the weather, heredity, and

earthquakes: some predictable, others inevitable, and they are often blamed for any building defects that are discovered. Many of the arguments attributed to mothers-in-law actually stem from the fact that children learned obedience as a survival skill generations ago, in some unknown room.

So marriage doesn't cause earthquakes, it buys them a house.

Popular Quotes:

If the bride says "your mother" and the groom is silent, the potter begins to be silent.

Van

In family stories, the "lady" is the authority figure who represents the mother society as it develops into a climate system. She appears before a child, holding a book that he does not understand, and urges him to improve while other children crowd the sunlit window. Her

power is not violence, but a moral compass. Under her rule, compassion was also coercion.

"Beloved by the goddess" means first obedience, then understanding. "Fleeing the goddess" usually means marrying her echo.

Folk Quotes:

When a child's behavior is publicly corrected, the child creates two shadows: one at school, the other at home.

Marai

Marai is not remembered because he was a man, but because he listened to the ruins. He wandered through the ruins as other prophets wandered through the stars. Mortals see destruction; he saw through it. Officials see waste; he saw testimony. We were taught that walls were written in plaster by historians.

In some areas, masons deliberately leave a narrow gap between all large buildings, called

the "Grace of Mara," so that the house can speak before it collapses.

Popular Quotes:

Don't ask the mayor how the city was destroyed; ask the third crack in the window.

Marriage

Marriage is a machine that turns private expectations into public performance. The initial stage is called courtship, where every little friction is treated as a charming little event. The middle stage is called adjustment, when both parties discover the hidden "spirit" of each other. The most dangerous stage is silence.

Some marriages burn like fire, some are icy cold, and some are maintained by alternating blame and correction. Rare marriages allow both parties to communicate without disaster.

Folklore Fragment:

A happy marriage has two listeners and one table. A bad marriage has only one witness and many doors.

Mother

In this cycle, the mother is never alone. She is seen as the protector, the judge, the eye of the storm, the keeper of memories, the rival, and the creator of collateral damage. Men are still there after they leave home. Women flee her, but they inherit her tone. Boys seek wives who are not their mothers, and they alternate between the different dominant dialects.

The mother didn't start it all. That's just the goal.

INTERNET ARCHIVE

The River's Ledger

by Alex Fügel

"Hũm ramo na mão tinha... Mas ó cego
Eu, que commetto insano, e temerario,
Sem vós, Nymphas do Tejo, e do Mondego,
Por caminho tão arduo, longo, e vario!
Vosso favor invoco, que navego
Por alto mar com vento tão contrario;
Que, se não me ajudais, hei grande medo,
Que o meu fraco batel se alague cedo."
-- Luís de Camões, Os Lusíadas, Canto VII, stanza LXXVIII

The river does not begin where you think it begins.

This is the first thing the warehouse knows. The warehouse, salt-stained and groaning, has spent decades absorbing the river's humidity into its planks. It has not developed consciousness, but something more

unsettling: an institutional memory, expressed in the angle of its south wall leaning toward the water, as if confiding a secret it cannot name. This perpetual genuflection is what Mirza has watched for forty years.

Mirza arrived in Waldoboro speaking four languages and understanding five. He came with the competence of one who reads not the future but the grammar of futures—who knows that between a building and its dissolution there is no catastrophe, only conversation. A slow exchange conducted in rust, in the patient migration of moisture through grain, in the bellows of an accordion pressing outward against the categories the villagers have organized their lives inside of.

And the categories are considerable.

The villagers are a people of the confident indicative, of the present tense administered

like a municipal ordinance. They have decided, collectively and with some force, that what has not yet happened is structurally prohibited from happening.

The river, if it maintained accounts, would classify this under 薪水之資 (xīnshuǐ zhī zī)—the ancient "firewood-and-water salary," the daily expenses of keeping life alive. The phrase appears practical, almost bureaucratic, until one notices what it contains: wood stacked against winter, kettles steaming before dawn, buckets carried from wells, generations surviving by repetition rather than heroism. The village has been paying this salary all along in the only denomination the river accepts:

attention.

And they have been withholding it.

The withholding has accumulated interest of a kind no Floodplain Management Study has yet developed the proper form to document. Such a form would require a checkbox somewhere between geological memory and willful categorical error. Neither appears in the current version, though the county has been promising a revision since 2019.

Mirza ties golden strands to the oak's lowest branch on a Tuesday in November.

Tuesday is not incidental.

It is, as any honest accountant of reality will confirm, the smallest unit of repeatable intelligibility that still feels like meaning—a day stripped of Monday's dread and Wednesday's ambition. A day that simply is, in the most unglamorous and therefore most reliable sense.

He ties the strands with a knot learned from a woman in a city whose name translates roughly as the place where two rivers argue.

The knot is not decorative but syntactical, a piece of grammar addressed to water.

The villagers watch with the loose attentiveness of people attending a puppet performance—木人戲 (mùrénxì), literally "the wooden-person play." Yet every puppet theater contains two dramas. One unfolds among the carved figures. The other unfolds among the audience, who mistake strings for explanations. The villagers have already decided they are watching performance rather than practice.

The oak, measuring time in centuries, experiences their certainty as a kind of pleasant static.

Someone—Gerald Fitch's brother-in-law, whom everyone calls Doke for reasons lost even to Doke himself—calls out:

"Why tie gold to a tree, old man?"

The question contains the entire architecture of everything about to go wrong.

Mirza does not answer.

The answer is the strands themselves, which are not decoration but the language in which the oak and the river have been corresponding for longer than Waldoboro has possessed a name.

The crow arrives the way significant arrivals are always misread:

as a black parenthesis inserted into the gray grammar of the afternoon.

It takes a strand with administrative precision, as though completing paperwork delayed since before the warehouse was built, before the bridge was engineered in 1937 by men who understood that iron and time practice mutual attrition.

The crow lifts away, cawing in the specific register of something that has just stamped a document and filed it.

The villagers laugh.

Laughter is the sound humans make when meaning arrives from a direction their epistemology does not cover.

Mirza watches the crow carry the strand over the brown water and release it.

The water accepts the offering with perfect procedural neutrality. It does not distinguish

between what is given and what is merely lost. The strand descends through cold water, through suspended soil, through dissolved histories of older floods. Somewhere in its descent it enters territory administered according to principles that predate counties, states, and commissioners.

The river already knows what the reports have not yet admitted.

Meanwhile, Gulizar braids.

More precisely, Gulizar practices Fingerspitzengefühl—that magnificent German compound meaning "fingertip-feeling." It describes a form of knowledge older than language, a wisdom carried in pressure, texture, and touch.

Her fingertips read her granddaughter's hair the way a river reads a watershed.

With total attention.

Without translation.

She has reached the age where the body's intelligence has lapped the tongue's several times over, and the tongue has had the good grace to acknowledge the gap.

The golden thread she winds into the girl's hair is the same gesture as Mirza's stranding, the crow's errand, and the river's patience.

One sentence.

Four registers.

The Stradella bass of geography beneath the free-bass flight of meaning.

The bellows press outward.

The girl giggles, not yet aware of the weight concealed inside the giggle.

The villagers roll their eyes.

It is the universal gesture of people who have confused the absence of personal suffering with the absence of structural risk.

They classify Gulizar's calm hands under old wives' tales, forgetting that old wives have survived an extraordinary number of things.

Then the river rises.

And the Kopfkino begins.

Few compounds reveal as much about a people as this German one. Literally "head-cinema," it names the private movie theater operating inside every skull. In Kopfkino, disasters arrive early, replay endlessly, and

always seem slightly more dramatic and slightly more avoidable than reality itself.

Thirty-seven screenings begin simultaneously.

In Doke's Kopfkino, the warehouse holds.

Has always held.

Will continue holding forever.

Never mind that he possesses no engineering knowledge.

Never mind that the structure's last assessment, conducted in 1974, concluded it was marginal under conditions of extended hydrological stress.

The report sat unread for forty-nine years before finding its first attentive reader:

the water.

The warehouse groans with the sound of a structure making its final argument to a court that has already ruled.

Its south wall leans further.

Not consultation now.

Confession.

Water enters through the lower planks with the patience of something that has been waiting a very long time for permission.

Then comes the lesson hidden inside 落花生 (luòhuāshēng), the Chinese word for peanut.

Literally:

flower falls, life grows.

The peanut flower blooms above ground, then bends downward and buries itself. Its fruit develops invisibly beneath the soil. The word preserves the entire process.

The flood follows identical logic.

Preparation remains indistinguishable from ordinary weather until suddenly it is not.

The pod splits.

The fact appears.

Mirza understands this the way one understands a compound word after finally parsing it. The realization is retroactive and total. The cruelest feature of disasters is that they become perfectly legible afterward. One discovers that all the necessary syllables were present from the beginning.

A shopping cart abandoned by Gerald Fitch one Tuesday in March floats past the warehouse at a stately three knots.

Its wheels spin with the faithfulness of mechanism liberated from purpose.

A receipt swirls beside it, its ink bleeding into the water like a document being translated into a language with no bureaucratic applications.

The church bell tolls.

The sound arrives muffled.

As though the bell has learned to speak with its mouth full.

Gerald Fitch, that village Śmierdziuch—the Polish "stinkard," equal parts nuisance, rascal, and walking moral odor—had purchased

seventeen dollars and forty-two cents of
things he did not need as displacement for a
grief he had not yet named.

Now the shopping cart conducts its own
navigation.

The receipt joins the river's own 薪水之資,
its firewood-and-water accounting.

Even dissolution has bookkeeping.

The universe balances eventually.

Not comfortably.

Not punctually.

But eventually.

Mirza stands on the bridge with the quality of
a witness rather than a prophet.

The prophet possesses the consolation of prior knowledge.

The witness possesses only the obligation of accurate perception.

Below him the river is the color of everything it has collected: topsoil, dissolved argument, agricultural history, and the particular brown that appears when a landscape ceases performing containment.

A toy boat drifts past.

A spoon falls from a sink.

A woman picks it up and refuses to let go.

The smallest objects become anchors.

The water leaves as it arrived:

without apology.

What remains is mud and a smell that language struggles to classify.

Not quite earth.

Not quite decay.

Not quite river.

The Poles call part of this territory Smród—stench, certainly, but more than stench. A presence. An atmosphere. The smell of categories dissolving.

Things have been moved.

Classifications have failed.

The world has been rearranged.

Mirza stands among the waterlogged villagers and says:

"The river does not punish. It only takes what was not bound to it."

The sentence sounds like wisdom.

It is wisdom.

It is also an accurate description of hydraulics.

Which may be the same thing.

The villagers listen with the dazed expression of people whose Kopfkino has just been overruled by reality.

They pull objects from the mud.

Receipts.

Buttons.

Wheels.

Each object emerges transformed—not in itself, but in relation to everything surrounding it.

The button becomes more specifically a button.

The wheel more specifically a wheel.

The receipt more specifically a record.

Floods reveal nouns.

Gulizar braids a new golden thread into her granddaughter's hair.

The girl is serious now.

Not sad.

Initiated.

Granted early admission into the lifelong study of how the world actually works.

The villagers no longer roll their eyes.

Reality has proven more durable than skepticism.

What they are beginning to understand is that Gulizar's braiding, Mirza's stranding, the crow's errand, and the river's receipt were never four separate events.

They were one event spoken in four languages.

One compound word.

One sentence.

The Chinese phrase 生離死別 (shēnglí-sǐbié) names the two greatest separations: parted in life, sundered by death. Four characters containing entire libraries of grief.

The flood has shown them the full compound.

They had been reading isolated letters.

Now they see the word.

The crow descends.

Whether it is the same crow or another remains impossible to determine.

The ambiguity feels structural rather than accidental.

The crow finds a small brown button and lifts it with bureaucratic satisfaction.

One of the villagers asks:

"What does it mean?"

Mirza smiles.

"The crow knows. The river knows. And the accordion plays on."

This is either profundity or deflection.

Almost certainly both.

The bellows press outward.

The bellows press inward.

The Stradella bassline of geography continues beneath the free-bass improvisations of memory, interpretation, and story.

The crow adjusts the button in its beak.

Its expression belongs somewhere between Śmierdziuch and Smrodliwie—between the stinkard and the stinkingly—in that peculiar territory occupied by things that are exactly what they are.

It caws once.

Judgment, perhaps.

Or merely the sound a system makes after successfully processing another cycle.

Then it lifts away.

The warehouse still leans toward the water.

The church bell tolls.

The oak continues reading centuries.

Its roots hold no territory.

They hold conversation.

Mirza is already approaching the branch again.

Not today.

Not yet.

But in the way the peanut flower has already begun falling before anyone notices the descent.

落花生.

Flower falls.

Life grows.

Preparation resembles ordinary living until the moment it doesn't.

The river moves with the self-possession of a process that has never agreed to be finished.

A verb the landscape has been conjugating for ten thousand years.

The crow watches from the railing with its button and its private accounting.

The story does not end because the river does not end.

And the river does not end.

Somewhere inside the bellows of all of it—in the pressure and resistance, in the Stradella ground and the free-bass dream, in the

firewood-and-water salary paid daily by
everyone who lives beside something larger
than themselves—the accordion continues.

The left hand steady.

The right hand reaching.

Reaching.

Reaching toward the note that will become
legible only after it has already been played.

UG COMIX
No. 1
TWO BITS 25¢
SOCK PUPPET
ROCKETTES
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
WE DON'T NEED NO STINKIN' SEAMS!
OOH! SO SEAMLESS!
RED HEEL... HIGH HEEL... WHO CARES? JUST KICK!
© R. CROUTON SOMETIMES

AMERICAN UNDERGROUND COMIX
FIELD MANUAL NO. 7

HYBRID WEATHER INSTRUMENT

A PORTABLE ACOUSTIC ECOLOGY ENGINE

DIAGRAM & LEGEND

REALITY INTERFERES. WE PLAY ANYWAY.

1 KEYBOARD
(MAQAM / ARRANGER)
- STRUCTURED MELODY
- RHYTHMIC FOUNDATION
- ONE-FINGER EMPIRE.
- CULTURAL GRAMMAR

2 WHITE NOISE MACHINE
(ENVIRONMENT)
- RAIN / STORM / BROOK
- CONTINUOUS TEXTURE
- WORLD WITHOUT EDGES

3 CHICKENS
(BIOLOGICAL LAYER)
- UNPREDICTABLE RHYTHM
- SOCIAL VOCALIZATION
- NON-HUMAN TIME

4 RAY GUN SOUNDS
(CONDITIONAL)
- ONLY WHEN CHICKENS ARE ABSENT
- SYNTHETIC PUNCTURE
- ABSENCE SIGNAL

PEW!

5 HEADLINE POETRY
(VOICE LAYER)
- NEWSPAPER HEADLINES
- CUT-UP MACHINE
- RECOMBINE / COLLAGE
- READ ALOUD
- KARAOKE / VOICE PROCESSOR
- DISTORTED PUBLIC LANGUAGE BECOMES PERFORMANCE

DAILY OBSERVER
MARKETS SURGE AFTER POLICY SHIFT
CUT-UP MACHINE
PEACE TALKS STALL AGAIN
DROUGHT DEEPENS
CITY ON EDGE

...FLOOD OF PROMISE... MARKETS BLEED INTO SILENCE... CHICKENS DON'T CARE...

ECHO 3
PITCH +3
REVERB 6
KARAOKE VOICE PROCESSOR

RULE:
IF CHICKENS PRESENT → NO RAY GUN.
IF CHICKENS ABSENT → RAY GUN ALLOWED.

SYSTEM RULES

- CHICKENS DOMINATE. THEY SUPPRESS RAY GUN SOUNDS.
- RAY GUN = MARKER OF ABSENCE.
- ALL LAYERS RUN SIMULTANEOUSLY.
- NO MASTER CLOCK.
- LISTEN, ADAPT, INTERFERE.

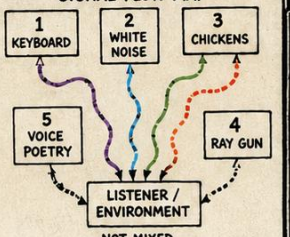
SIGNAL STATE MODES

BIO-DOMINANT (CHICKENS PRESENT)
- ORGANIC CHAOS
- NO RAY GUN
- BIO + AMBIENT + MUSIC

AMBIENT-ONLY (NO CHICKENS, NO RAY GUN)
- RAIN + BROOK
- KEYBOARD
- CONTEMPLATIVE SPACE

SYNTHETIC PUNCTURE (CHICKENS ABSENT, RAY GUN ACTIVE)
- SIMULATED THREATS
- EMPTY SPACE MODE
- NARRATIVE FRACTURE

SIGNAL FLOW MAP



NOT MIXED. INTERFERING. COEXISTING.

LEGEND (LAYERS)

1. KEYBOARD – HUMAN INTENTION (STRUCTURE / MELODY)
2. WHITE NOISE – CONTINUITY FIELD (WEATHER / AMBIENCE)
3. CHICKENS – BIOLOGICAL TIME (LIVING RHYTHM)
4. RAY GUN – ABSENCE SIGNAL (CONDITIONAL SYNTHETIC EVENT)
5. HEADLINE POETRY – LANGUAGE MUTATION (DISTORTED SPEECH)

THIS IS NOT A BAND. THIS IS AN ENVIRONMENT THAT ARGUES WITH ITSELF.

PLAY RESPONSIBLY.
RESPECT ANIMALS.
RESPECT NOISE.

Welcome, fellow psychonaut. You know, lately I've been thinking. Suppose you decide to hoard blueberry jam and pickles. Huzzah! You become a better version of yourself. Consider yourself invested.

A SURREALIST MANIFESTO IN THE FORM OF A WORKS CITED, FOR THOSE WHO WOULD BREAK ON THROUGH

Bachelard, Gaston. The Poetics of Space. Translated by Maria Jolas. Boston: Beacon Press, 1964.

— The jam jar is a corner of the house. The cellar dreams; the attic remembers. Hoard accordingly.

Breton, André. Manifestoes of Surrealism. Translated by Richard Seaver and Helen R. Lane. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1969.

— The founding text: in the first Surrealist Manifesto of 1924, Breton defined surrealism as "pure psychic automatism." Drawing on Freudian psychoanalysis, dream logic, and automatic writing, Breton rejects

rationalism and embraces the unconscious as a path to artistic and social liberation. The pickle, too, is psychic automatism left in brine.

Campbell, Joseph. The Hero with a Thousand Faces. New York: Pantheon Books, 1949.

— You, leaving for the grocery store, are the hero crossing the first threshold. The blueberries are the boon.

Freud, Sigmund. The Interpretation of Dreams. Translated by James Strachey. New York: Basic Books, 1955 (orig. 1900).

— Every cellar shelf a latent content. The jam is never just jam.

Hopkins, Jerry, and Danny Sugerman. No One Here Gets Out Alive. New York: Warner Books, 1980.

— The first biography of the Doors' singer; its title is taken from a line in the Doors' song "Five to One," and the book is divided into three sections—The Bow is Drawn, The Arrow Flies, and The Arrow Falls. Draw your bow toward the condiment aisle.

Huxley, Aldous. The Doors of Perception. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1954.

— The source of the band's name and the cleansing of every door. If the doors were cleansed, every pickle would appear as it is, infinite.

James, William. The Varieties of Religious Experience. New York: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1902.

— Mysticism is ineffable, noetic, transient, passive—so is the moment the lid seals.

Katz, Sandor Ellix. The Art of Fermentation: An In-Depth Exploration of Essential Concepts and Processes from Around the World. White River Junction, VT: Chelsea Green Publishing, 2012.

— The scripture of brine. Katz contextualizes fermentation in terms of biological and cultural evolution, health and nutrition, and even economics; named by The New York Times as one of the 25 most influential cookbooks from the last 100 years, with

a foreword by Michael Pollan. The pickle hoards you back.

Pollan, Michael. How to Change Your Mind: What the New Science of Psychedelics Teaches Us About Consciousness, Dying, Addiction, Depression, and Transcendence. New York: Penguin Press, 2018.

— A unique and elegant blend of science, memoir, travel writing, history, and medicine, it is the gripping account of a journey to an exciting and unexpected new frontier. Become, therefore, a better version of yourself. Consider yourself invested.

THE PANOPTICON INSTITUTE FOR RECURSIVE INQUIRY

(FOWL FEATHERED REVIEW / BACKPAGE BROADSIDE EDITION / VOL. IX: THE BUREAU OF ERRANT KNOWLEDGE)

BEHOLD THE CURIOUS CALLING OF ERRANT SCHOLARS, DREAMERS, AND UNREGISTERED THINKERS! A MARVEL OF MODERN ARCANA DISGUISED AS AN INSTITUTE OF LEARNING!

HEY—YOU—YES YOU WITH THE THINKING FACE AND THE QUESTIONABLE FUTURE—

step forth, step sideways, step entirely out of sequence—

the PANOPTICON INSTITUTE FOR RECURSIVE INQUIRY is now enrolling, unenrolling, re-enrolling, and generally confounding the very ledgers of destiny itself in a low-ceiling civic zone between a defunct department store, a reflexology parlor of uncertain

doctrine, and a vending machine that occasionally produces annotations instead of snacks.

📯 HEAR THE ANNOUNCEMENT IN TRIPLICATE, WRITTEN IN SNOW AND STATIC:

"We got knowledge so deep it requires a snorkel, a ladder, and a provisional understanding of your own biography!"

"HERE COMES THE JUDGE—AND HE HAS NOT YET DECIDED WHETHER YOU ARE A QUESTION OR A DOCUMENT!"

"THE SYLLABUS WAS LAST SEEN NEGOTIATING ITS OWN LEGIBILITY IN A CORRIDOR OF UNSTABLE LIGHTING!"

⚠ STEP FORTH, SEEKER OF PECULIAR WISDOM! ⚠

FOR HERE ARE OFFERED:

diplomas that precede their instruction

lectures delivered in fractured continental weather patterns

metaphysics served in chipped institutional porcelain

accreditation so irregular it circles back into legitimacy by misadventure

📣 CALL NOW—OR DO NOT—THE TELEPHONE IS ALREADY RECORDING YOUR INTENTIONS IN DUPLICATE.

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY AND SOMEWHAT FORBIDDEN TREATISE UPON WANDERING SIGNIFIERS, BEING ALSO A FLUXUS INSTRUCTION SET, CRACKPOT ALCHEMICAL TABLET, AND EDUCATIONAL RELIC OF THE LOWER HALLS

☩ ARTICLE I — OF DRUNKEN SIGNIFICATION AND THE STAGGERING LETTER
WHEREIN IT IS PROVED THAT MEANING MOVES LIKE A DISBANDED REGIMENT THROUGH RAIN

The signifier no longer points.
It stumbles.
It reels through language like a tired herald who has forgotten which kingdom he serves.
Meaning is not delivered.
It is spilled.

☩ ARTICLE II — OF THE LOW INSTITUTES OF BROKEN HALLS AND IMPROVISED LEARNING
WHEREIN EDUCATION OCCURS WITHOUT PERMISSION OR STABILITY

Education is not transmitted.
It is:
shouted through cracked brass speaking horns
written on the reverse of expired municipal forms
whispered by instructors who may themselves be misunderstandings
The classroom is wherever attention refuses to remain seated.

☩ ARTICLE III – OF CRACKPOT ALCHEMY MOST HIGH AND QUESTIONABLE DECLARATION OF TRANSMUTATION BY ERROR AND PERSISTENT MISREADING

All substances are symbolic until they misbehave.
All symbols are material until they collapse under their own enthusiasm.
Gold is what happens when:
failure persists long enough to be mistaken for method
method forgets its function and becomes decorative
decoration begins issuing instructions

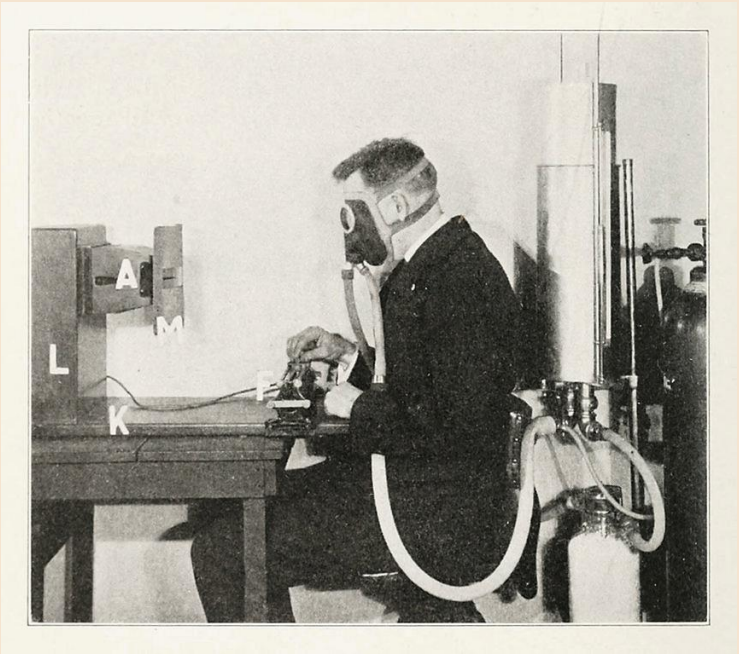
☩ ARTICLE IV – OF FLUXUS INSTRUCTION MOST RADICAL AND UNAUTHORIZED COMMAND FOR PERFORMATIVE DISASSEMBLY OF TEXT AND OBJECT

Take heed:
cut the text into fragments
rearrange without consultation
affix fragments to a radiator or other warm bureaucratic surface

allow weather to annotate the result
declare it an examination artifact

☩ ARTICLE V — OF THE MIRROR THAT REFUSES TO STAY STILL
NOTE ON THE SUBJECT AS MISFILED ECHO IN ADMINISTRATIVE SPACE

The subject is:
a clerical error that learned to speak in complete sentences.
Desire is:
paperwork missing its explanation
corridors reflecting themselves incorrectly
diplomas that already exist but await recognition



NOSCE TE IPSUM, MISREAD IT WELL.

ERRARE HUMANUM, PERSISTERE MAGISTERIUM.

THE

PANOPTICON INSTITUTE FOR RECURSIVE INQUIRY

BUREAU OF ERRANT KNOWLEDGE & IMPROBABLE CERTIFICATION

PERAMBULA, ERRA, RIDE, RUMINA.

SAPIENTIA NON CAPTUR. SED COLLIGITUR.

DISCIPULUS ERRATICUS, MAGISTER NULLIUS.

LINGUA EST LABYRINTHUS.

TESTIMONIUM MIRABILIS ET ERRATICUM

BE IT KNOWN THROUGHOUT ALL QUIET CORRIDORS,
UNSTABLE HALLS, AND UNREGISTERED STUDY ZONES:

THAT THE BEARER HEREIN NAMED

YOUR NAME HERE

HATH PASSED THROUGH THE THREE-FOLD STRANGE EXAMINATION:

THE ADVERTISEMENT MOST DELIRIOUS | THE MANIFESTO MOST FRACTURED | THE OBJECT MOST IMPROBABLE

FIELD OF STRANGE STUDIES

- ☐ Minor Arcana Bureaucratic Distortion
- ☐ Linguistic Drift and Skaldic Compression Arts
- ☐ Applied Vaudeville Ontology
- ☐ Fluxus Instructional Disassembly Practice
- ☐ Crackpot Alchemical Reasoning (Unregulated but Functional)
- ☐ Diner Semiotics & Jukebox Cosmology

METHOD OF CERTIFICATION

INSTITUTUM ERRATICUM

By means of:

- sustained misreading of unstable instruction fields
- extraction of coherence from contradictory text masses
- recognition of hidden instruction beneath apparent nonsense
- endurance of semantic turbulence without withdrawal
- acceptance of humor at structurally inappropriate moments

LITTERA FUGIT SENSUS MANET

DECLARATION OF AUTHORITY

This diploma is hereby proclaimed:

- ☐ not accredited in any jurisdiction
- ☐ not unaccredited in any stable sense but misreading

It is valid only in:

- marginalia of uncertain provenance
- basements where fluorescent lighting hesitates
- kiosks of doubtful municipal standing
- and any place where language begins behaving like weather

FINAL CLAUSE OF RECOGNITION

THOU HAST NOT RECEIVED THIS DIPLOMA.
THOU HAST ONLY NOTICED THAT IT WAS ALREADY
BEING CUT OUT OF THE PAGE BEFORE THOU BEGANST TO READ.

TEMPORIS EDAX DIPLOMA MANET

NON SCHOLAE SED VITAE DISCIMUS

ARCHIVIST OF ACCIDENTAL RECORDS

REGISTRAR OF UNSTABLE MEANING

CUT HERE • FRAME HERE • MISREAD FOREVER